

NEW YORK JOURNAL
AND ADVERTISER.

W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

The Canal
Will
Be Built.

The opponents of the Nicaragua Canal bill could only muster six votes against the passage of the measure in the Senate. This practically unanimous approval disposes of any doubts that may have been entertained at home or abroad as to our intention to build the canal. The action of the Senate voices a public sentiment that will not be denied.

While the House of Representatives may materially change the bill, the vital principles will be retained. The details of the measure can be safely left to the conservative judgment of Congress.

This much is certain: The United States will build the canal, without any entangling European alliance.

It will own and perpetually control the canal, and while it will be open to the use of all nations on equal terms, the United States will build and maintain at either entrance impregnable fortresses.

The sooner our independent attitude is understood in England the better. It will be futile to attempt to interpose the Clayton-Bulwer treaty as a stumbling block against our control of the canal. That document is a dead letter. We will proceed as if it had never been written.

When the eager promoters of the Anglo-American alliance realize that we will suffer no interference in this matter, so necessary to our welfare and to the protection and development of our possessions in the Pacific, they will be quick to retreat from their untenable position.

Now that the first decisive step has been taken to give form and substance to the long-cherished Nicaraguan Canal project it is proper that the Journal should refer to its persistent and effective work in its behalf. It is not too much to claim that the unremitting labor of this newspaper was a determining factor in creating and crystallizing that public sentiment which has found expression in the favorable action of the Senate.

A reference to the Journal's National Policy, showing what was proposed and what has been accomplished, will be of interest:

**ANNEX HAWAII—DONE!
A MIGHTY NAVY—UNDER
WAY!**

**DIG THE NICARAGUAN
CANAL—BILL PASSED THE
SENATE!**

**STRATEGIC BASES IN THE
WEST INDIES—SECURED!
GREAT NATIONAL UNIVERSITIES
AT WEST POINT
AND ANNAPOLIS.**

It is the duty of a great newspaper not only to print the news of the day, but to enlighten the people as to the needs of the country, to shape governmental policies, and to point the way to national growth and power.

MILES'S
CHARGES
CONFIRMED.

The deeper the War Investigating Commission probes into the "embalmed" beef scandal the stronger grows the confirmation of the charges made by General Miles in his now famous Journal interview.

Dr. Daly has testified that the beef furnished the sick soldiers returning from Ponce on the transport Panama had been treated with acids and was unfit to eat. The residuum of an analysis made by Dr. Daly of this "embalmed" beef was submitted to Professor F. W. Clarke, the chemist of the United States Geological Survey, for analysis. The Professor testified before the Investigating Commission on Saturday that his chemical test showed that both boric and salicylic acids were present.

It did not require this abundant proof to assure the public that the charges made by General Miles were true. The sworn testimony of Dr. Daly and Professor Clarke, however, is a sufficient answer to the slanderous and vulgar trade of Egan against the veracity of the commanding general of the army.

General Beaver, of the Investigating Com-

mission, pursued strange tactics in his attempt to weaken Professor Clarke's testimony or discredit that of Dr. Daly. He asked the Professor if the acids found in the residuum could not have been bought in the open market, covertly intimating that these deleterious substances might have been surreptitiously secured and put into the extract which Dr. Daly swears he made from the "embalmed" beef furnished by the Government to its sick soldiers.

The duty of every member of the commission is to bring out the facts, no matter how high may be the officials involved, and the line of inquiry pursued by General Beaver can only serve to further discredit the fairness of an investigating body that has already forfeited the confidence of the public.

Why Can't
New York
Equal Boston?

Boston has some things to teach New York.

Boston has the best system of free public baths in the country. Last year 3,500 children were taught to swim by the municipal instructors and over 1,900,000 bathed in the public establishments. Free bathing suits were furnished to children everywhere, and to adults at the North End Park. At other places adults paid five cents for the use of bathing suits and one cent for towels.

Boston has two municipal gymnasias, and expects to have more. The law authorizes the establishment of a gymnasium in each ward, and Mayor Quincy hopes to see the legal limit reached. "I am fully convinced," says Mr. Quincy in his last annual message, "that there is nothing visionary about the general proposition that the more the community spends in bringing facilities for exercise, which in winter must be to a great extent indoors, within the reach of all, and in encouraging and properly directing their use, the less it will have to spend for the punishment of crime—to say nothing of the diminution in the expense of caring for the sick, which largely falls upon the public."

Boston has a subway for urban passenger traffic and is planning others; while we are merely talking about one.

Boston has a great sea beach resort, improved and maintained by the municipality, like the parks, for the public benefit, while we allow our beaches to be monopolized by speculators, who turn the beauty, healthfulness, and grandeur of the ocean into a scene of squalid degradation.

Boston has municipal concerts, for which, in their experimental stage, a small admission fee has been charged, but which will doubtless be made free as soon as the enterprise has become solidly established.

Boston does all these things for the comfort, enjoyment and improvement of her citizens, and is planning to do more; yet Boston's credit is not impaired, her solid men are as solid as ever, and her municipal gold bonds continue to sell above par.

Why should not New York be the greatest of American cities in her care for her people as well as in size?

How much would it cost to build a superb municipal club house in every ward, with baths, gymnasia, concert halls, lecture halls, reading rooms and art galleries? Less than it costs to care for the criminals created by the squalid atmosphere in which our neglect compels the majority of our people to live.

What would it cost to maintain a beautiful ocean summer resort for the masses, with grass, flowers, artistic pavilions and comfortable bath houses? Less than it costs the community to keep up Coney Island.

There is no need to agitate ourselves about New York's growth. The people will come here fast enough. The thing we should concern ourselves about is how to make life worth living for them when they get here.

THE LINE
AT FLEISCH-
MANN'S.

Fleischmann's bakery, at Broadway and Tenth street, to receive the gift of half a loaf of bread.

Let us quote from Sunday's Journal some of his impressions of the scene: It is the most pathetic thing I have ever seen. I saw it first two years and a half ago, accidentally, and it shocked me. There were 273 men in line. I remarked then that nowhere in the poorest parts of Europe had I seen so suggestive a sight.

I came here again last Monday. It was a nasty night, with a cold, drizzling rain. I went out at a few minutes after midnight, and there were more than 200 men in line. They were silent, sullen, sad. Two-thirds of them had no overcoats, and most of them had their light coats pinned under their chins. I could easily think it covered a lack of shirt in many cases.

Such a sight and such a condition are unworthy of a great people. They are inconsistent with our claims to be considered an advanced nation.

New Yorkers know this nightly scene too well to be interested either in a description of it or in philosophic comments upon it. It has been a nightly occurrence of more than ten years. From time to time a man comes along, like the worthy Mayor of Toledo, and cries out bitterly against so sore a sight, but his words fall unheeded upon the ears of the municipality. "Tis a pity 'tis true," and there it ends.

Readers of the Journal, be pleased to note this:

That nightly gathering of men who must

beg for food because they cannot earn it will some day prove a blessing, not to this city alone, but to all the land. It is a sore upon the body of the nation, and every physician will tell you that a sore upon a body is one of Nature's ways of proclaiming that there is something wrong with that body, and that the treatment should be directed, not to the sore, but to the body. Upon our body politic there are, unfortunately, many sores. We have strong men who are eager to work, and who cannot find employment. We have children crying for food who cannot obtain bread. We have women suffering agony from disease who cannot afford the means of relieving their pain. We have young people yearning to be taught who must slave in factories for their bare existence.

On the other hand we have men who hold in the palm of their hands the complete control of many of those things that civilization has taught us to look upon as necessities of life, such as food products, oil, gas and mediums of communication and transit, and who hold at their mercy the comfort, if not the very existence, of millions of human beings created, as the Bible tells us, "in the image of their Maker."

They are sore spots upon our national body, and to the skilled eye of the economist they are symptoms of a state of affairs radically and grievously wrong. Unfortunately most of these symptoms are not apparent to every eye. Sometimes they are hidden under a plaster of "Benefits to the Public," or under a salve of "Individual and Irremediable Misfortune." But the line at Fleischmann's cannot be hidden and cannot be explained away. It stands there in the open air night after night, and Sundays too, in all its nakedness. You need not look upon it if you do not care to, you may close your eyes or pass around the corner, but you know it is there, and although those men may all be criminals and loafers and villains and detestable ruffians, and they may deserve their poverty, and it might be better for them to beg than to work, the line stands there still.

When the day comes, as come it surely must, that the whole land opens its eyes and sees—really sees—that this line is there, and discovers—actually discovers—that it is a symptom of a wrong for which the nation itself is responsible, then some enlightened citizen will propose a monument to that Mr. Fleischmann who, intentionally or unintentionally, gave such a forcible object lesson to humanity.

CONDENSED EDITORIALS.

MILLIONAIRE ROCKEFELLER tried to ride over the Westchester County tax and punctured a tire.

SENATOR DEPEW'S experience will stand him in good stead when it comes to railroading a bill through the Senate.

THE GERMAN COURTS have decided that Reutter, the Berlin music hall singer, may continue to sing comic verses on the Emperor's Eastern tour. Just the same, this same fellow Reutter displays lamentably bad taste in his treatment of a fellow professional.

AFTER ALL, the Keely motor was a thing of air.

MR. DEPEW, in explaining his success in life, says it is all due to adhering to one system. Though the Senatorial Peach does not say so, it is more than probable that he referred to the Vanderbilt system.

THAT BURGLARS robbed a place opposite Brooklyn Police Headquarters and escaped should not cause overmuch comment when poisoners work with impunity in the shadow of the Central Office in Manhattan.

PROFESSOR CARL HERING succinctly estimates that Keely was both knave and fool, which gives rise to speculation as to whether General Egan ever has been properly classified.

JOHN Y. M'KANE, former political boss of Gravesend, who spent some time in Sing Sing, has gone into the insurance business. After what happened we did not think he would take any more risks.

THE MAINE LEGISLATURE convened at sunrise on Friday, and, after transacting some minor affairs, went in a body to inspect a new insane asylum. We trust—we sincerely hope—but not there cannot possibly be any insidious connection between the two events. Maine is a prohibition State. And Reed lives there.

United Garment Workers Praise the Journal.

To the Editor of the New York Journal: At a regular meeting of the General Executive Board of this national body the following resolutions were adopted:

"Resolved, That the union label bulletins published by the New York Journal are a valuable and helpful contribution to the trade label agitation, and

"Resolved, That the United Garment Workers of America hereby return thanks to Mr. W. R. Hearst for his interest and generosity, and his liberal and sympathetic treatment of questions affecting labor."

Sincerely yours, HENRY WHITE, General Secretary, U. G. W. of A. New York City, Jan. 18.

Still Egan Makes No Reply.

[Newburg (N. Y.) News.] General Egan is an example of those public officials who have no sympathy for the mission of newspapers. He said in his statement to the committee of investigation that if he were a man of means he would prosecute certain newspapers for treason. Thereupon one of these newspapers, the New York Journal, offered to pay all of his reasonable expenses in connection with such examination, if the General would submit to cross-examination on the witness stand. It is safe to say that Egan will never be ready for such a test. He prefers to take it out in cursing those who accuse him.

The Protest Against Roberts.

[Des Moines (Ia.) News.] The New York Journal is circulating petitions against the admission to Congress of Congressman Roberts, of Utah. It reports that thousands of persons over the country are signing these petitions. Church societies are especially active in circulating the petitions.

Agrees With the Journal.

Editor of the New York Journal: I write to say that I agree with the Journal relative to Anglo-American sympathy in the canal matter. W. A. COLLINS, New Brighton, N. Y., January 19.

All the Same to Her.

"In one respect every woman is ambidextrous." "How do you make that out?" "She can throw just as well with her left hand as with her right."—Chicago News.

REVIEW OF THE MUSICAL WEEK.

WRITTEN FOR THE JOURNAL BY
REGINALD DE KOVEN.

VARIETY in casts and not in operas is the order of the day this season.

We have had four Julietts so far this year—Melba, Seubrich, Eames and Suzanne Adams—and we shall probably continue to have "Romeo at Juliet" so long as there is a possible new Juliet left in Mr. Grau's ensemble.

As we have had but two Marguerites, I presume we are fated to hear "Faust" several times more before the season closes—a probability that I cannot honestly look forward to with heartfelt enthusiasm, for after "Siegfried" I find "Faust" not a little ripe, tedious and, as in the Soldiers' Chorus, even tawdry. And yet for the average Metropolitan audience "Faust" is the opera of operas.

The cast last week, including both De Reszkes in their familiar roles as the tempter and the tempted: Eames, Bauermeister, and Maurel as Valentine, was really the famous "ideal" cast of former seasons, but to such a pitch of idealism and exceptionalism in cast have we now reached that this formerly greatly exploited fact was not even mentioned.

We really have grown so proud. Who shall decide when critics disagree is surely a difficult question, but who shall decide when a critic disagrees with an audience is a momentous one. Personally, I do not think Mme. Eames' Marguerite has improved in the same ratio with her Juliet. It is still too cold, self-conscious and sought out. But the audience, so far as I could

gather from remarks I overheard, thought that "she was just too lovely"—a fact I willingly admit—and one lady went so far as to assert that Patti could not have sung the "Jewel" song better, which I am hardly prepared to allow. Still, Mme. Eames is an interesting Marguerite, because so entirely untraditional, and when in the church scene she discards the pious diction, and in a bend which recalls Bernhardt in "La Tosca," she fairly grovels on the stage as La Lucia, she gives one a distinctly novel, dramatic impression, even if its legitimacy may be questioned.

I am told that Mme. Eames' costumes, which make her appear anything but the typical German maiden, should be viewed reverently, because studied at Nuremberg. I only feel that in costume, at any rate, Mme. Eames has made Marguerite rise far above the station in life in which Goethe placed her.

But with the high operatic living to which we are now accustomed, do we not indeed grow over-particular? So I will agree with the audience, and put myself on record by saying that Mme. Eames is a most charming, graceful and picturesque

Marguerite indeed, in spite of the fact that she does not wear the traditional blond wig.

What can I say of M. Jean de Reszke as Faust, or of his brother as Mephistopheles, that has not been said and re-said a thousand times? Both made all their wanted effects Friday night and received their wanted applause in "Salve Dimora," the Golden Call song, the Serenade, and so on. I really cannot dilate further on the oft-told story of invariable artistic greatness and consequent success.

M. Maurel as Valentine cut the "Dio Possente." Copyright by Almée Dupont, and seemed to find some of the music a little high, but his death scene was artistic and admirable to a degree. Always picturesque in action and faultless in diction, he is always satisfying.

The rest of the cast was as usual, and Signor Mancinelli, as before, occupied the conductor's chair with customary effect.

I honestly think that there were people in the house Friday night who were hearing the opera for the first time; at least, I heard remarks and questions, and noticed a minutely careful perusal of librettos which tended to confirm me in that belief.

How I envy such people their sensations! And yet if "Faust" were to be produced for the first time to-day might it not again make the failure that it did on its first production? With us the unfamiliar is always so open to question and doubt.

REGINALD DE KOVEN.

THE CHAIR NOT FOR WOMEN. SO SAYS THE GIRL ONCE SENTENCED TO IT.

IN A little room on Water street a woman is praying for Martha Place.

"Do you not think any woman should ever suffer the death penalty?"

"No," cried Maria Barberi; "no, never. A woman when she kills something she is perhaps crazy, something that gets inside her." Maria pointed to her own low forehead, and then with her open hand struck it two or three times with a sort of desperate emphasis.

"Something take hold of her. It tells her she must kill, and she goes out and the one who has wronged her is dead. Then she wakes—she has done a wrong!"

"Should she not suffer?"

"Dio buono," cried Maria, with a wail. "Do she not suffer?"

Up into their sockets Maria rolled the blacks of her eyes. She rocked backward and forward in an ecstasy of misery.

It is three years since Maria Barberi killed the man who sold to her, after having led her into the sin of loving him, "Only hogs mummy." In her tenement home her husband, Francesco Bruno, was a cheerful, his walls are cheerful with green paint. On the stove yesterday a stew was simmering for Bruno's dinner, next to it water boiled in the teapot. Maria Barberi, standing under a cheap chromo of the Holy Virgin, went back with a startled bound from her three years of liberty to the agonies of her imprisonment.

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Into her face came the look of a hunted animal.

"You have killed some one," she said, dully. "Then one day twelve men they stand before you and you know that they shall say 'Maria Barberi, you live,' or 'Maria Barberi, you die.' Which?"

"You look into their face—you can tell nothing. One minute you say to yourself, 'They will let me live,' the next, 'No, they will say I must die.' In your hand you hold light your head. You try to say an ave. You begin, 'Vierge Marie,' and instead you say, 'Live—die—live—die.' You try again, because if you do not pray the good Lord will not save you. You try, and your lips they are dry, and you hear your heart that beats, counting the beats your heart makes, counting the people in the room about you. That is what they do these twelve men, and this big city, they make it so you cannot pray. You see your mother and your little sister, and your brother, and you are not you, but—"

"Then you remember your heads again, and you say there is a God. And then some one who tries to be kind explains that it is decided that you die."

"Then you are taken back, where all day you think by yourself, where all day you wonder what does it look like, that horrible chair. How long does it last—the death? You know it hurts, but they tell you it is quick over."

Here Maria hugged herself protectively like a very small child and crouched down into a corner of the room.

"Every night when you go to your bed you think that is the last, and you try to say aves till the morning. Every morning you look at the sun and say to yourself you will never look at it again. You see always before you the straps that tie you. You smell the burn like meat that cooks—you long that it should be over. You try always to say aves, but your mind will not let you."

"That is what they do, the people of your city, they will not let you pray."

An attempt was made to convince Maria of the enormity of Mrs. Place's crime.

"I know, I know," she made answer, "Mrs. Place wicked, she awful wicked. Then shut her up where she do no harm. Let her think, think, think," she repeated, "and some day she will pray—pray, and God will hear her."

"Ask God to have the mercy for her as He have it for me."

Maria Barberi in the light of her tiny wisdom, beneath the garish chromo of the Holy Virgin, sang on her knees and prayed for Mrs. Martha Place.

HALL CAINE ABOUT OUR DOLLAR. HE DISAPPROVES OF BIG AMERICAN FORTUNES.

(From the London Telegraph.)

IF I were asked what is the worst evil which comes of the American thirst for prosperity, I should say the pride of wealth. Up to a certain point this is legitimate pride, including, as it does, a pride in industry, in energy, in knowledge, in achievement, and all the other qualities of mind and character which go to make men rich. But it expresses itself in America too often, if one may say so, in mere love of possession. Instance the opera and the display of diamonds. Once a year they hold a horse show in New York, at which nobody looks at the horses and everybody looks at the audience. The audience consists chiefly of beautiful women, splendidly dressed. Naturally, the visitor does not object. Every Englishman is fond of horses, but when it comes to a choice like that—

Nevertheless, the corroding effect of great wealth shows itself on American society in more ways than one. The marriages of Englishmen to American women may perhaps bring about the Anglo-American alliance which Mr. Chamberlain so much desires, but where the reasons for such unions are merely wealth on the one side and vanity on the other, without any apparent motive, the loss will be to America in the lowering of the moral tone of that part of her people which come within the atmosphere of such transactions. In a New York drawing room, a few days before I sailed, a friend overheard something like the following dialogue: First lady to second lady—"Were you at the wedding of Mrs. — to the Earl of —?" Second lady—"No; were you?" First lady—"Yes; she is an old friend, you know?" Second lady—"Is she going to England immediately?" First lady—"Immediately; but she will not be in the Prince's set, my dear—she'll only be in the Queen's."

It is naturally, however, only a small, and not very active or influential, section of the American people that is suffering under the worst effect of great wealth. The steadfast body of the nation looks on at this sapping of the vital moral principle untroubled and undisturbed. The moral sense is, perhaps, keener in America than anywhere else in the world, for the ready Puritan basis of New England is under everything. Neither in literature nor in life will it tolerate the enervations which are constantly made upon it in other countries, and nowhere are the sins of the senses punished with such prompt energy and relentless vigor. The most popular books in America are not realistic romances, but biblical stories; the most popular plays are not sensual extravaganzas, but simple or wholesome pastoral dramas, like "The Old Homestead" and "Shore Acres."

The quest of material prosperity by no means absorbs the energies of the American people. It would be impossible to find among the nations of the world more readers to the thousand of the population. And the Americans not only read more than they do; they read better. The books they know they know thoroughly, and scrips and scraps of books have less attraction for them than for us. No other nation pays so much attention to the education of its women, and in no other country does woman stand so high or play so serious a part. Then, the religious life of America is active to the point of fostering nearly every crazy notion that takes the form of faith. Hardly a year goes by without its American Messiah, the Hutter, and his Prophet, Preposterous

pretenses, no doubt, but all proof enough of the innate religiosity of the people. If the Schmitz of Denver do not arise in France or in Germany it is not merely because the French or German people are too practical to be imposed upon. As for the higher religious life of America, there is no country where that great wave is more felt which is now carrying the Christian Church back to early ideals of Christianity. Over there, as here, men are giving up everything to follow the Christ-life. The work of the slums is splendidly done, both by men and women. Brotherhoods, societies, settlements and social clubs are to be found in all the great cities. Once a year the nation keeps a day for thanksgiving to God, though there is not a word about God or thanksgiving in the American Constitution. And one other fact struck me everywhere and in all conditions of life, that in America, where there is no State church, reverence for the Church and the things of the Church is greater than it has ever seemed to me to be in England, or even in Rome.

It would perhaps be easy to present another picture, and I am not pretending that these hasty and discursive notes have any finality of judgment. I only know that there is no country in the world so good as America for an Englishman to travel in, none in which he will be so well treated and see so much to admire. Of course, I know how much I may be influenced by personal feelings, and how many of my opinions may be affected by the accident of my own reception. If that is so it is only as it ought to be. On two visits, under varying circumstances, and with an interval of three years, America has been very good to me, and it is right that I should praise the bridge I have passed over.

I love America and the Americans. I love America because it is big and because its bigness is constantly impressing the imagination and stimulating the heart. I love its people because they are free with a freedom which the rest of the world takes as by stealth and they claim openly as their right. I love them because they are the most unpretentious, earnest, active and ingenious people on the earth; because they are the most moral, religious, and, above all, the most sober people in the world; because, in spite of all shallow judgments of superficial observers, they are the most childlike in their national character, the easiest to move to laughter, the readiest to be touched to tears, the most absolutely true in their impulses, and the most generous in their applause. I love the men of America because their bearing toward the women is the finest chivalry I have yet seen anywhere, and I love the women because they preserve an unquestioned purity with a frank and unconventional and natural manner and a fine independence of self. I love the Constitution of America because its freedom is the freest I know of; because it has broken away from all effete superstitions of authority, whether in Church or State, and has left the rest of the world, by its pitiful shadows of both follies, to toll after it by more than a hundred years.

MEN OF THE MINUTE—No. 6.



E. B. TALCOTT, "Who Made a Million in Wall Street," FINANCIAL OPPORTUNITIES, CATCHEM & SKINEM, BROKERS, 1140 WALL ST.

Dear Sir or Madam: We take vast pleasure in forwarding you by this mail a portrait of Mr. E. B. Talcott, who came into Wall Street, one year ago, poor, but willing to go against the game, and who retired yesterday with one million dollars in his clothes. We call your attention to the great opportunities we offer in the way of making a fortune by dealing in stocks, as this young man has done, without any knowledge or special accomplishments whatever, except a sincere and trusting faith in our guidance as brokers. We want to see you with a million and place ourselves at your disposal. As no doubt his example will cause many to flock to Wall Street, we advise you to come early and avoid the rush, thereby getting your million while there is any money left in the Street. Very hopefully yours, I. SKINEM.